

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VIII. HARRY ANNESLEY TAKES A WALK.

"THERE was the deuce to pay with my father last night after I went to him," said Scarborough to Harry next morning. "He now and then suffers agonies of pain, and it is the most difficult thing in the world to get him right again. But anything equal to his courage I never before met."

"How is he this morning?"

"Very weak, and unable to exert himself. But I cannot say that he is otherwise much the worse. You won't see him this morning; but to-morrow you will, or next day. Don't you be shy about going to him when he sends for you. He likes to show the world that he can bear his sufferings with a light heart, and is ready to die to-morrow without a pang or a regret. Who was the fellow who sent for a fellow to let him see how a Christian could die? I can fancy my father doing the same thing, only there would be nothing about Christianity in the message. He will bid you come and see a pagan depart in peace, and would be very unhappy if he thought that your dinner would be disturbed by the ceremony. Now come down to breakfast, and then we'll go out shooting."

For three days Harry remained at Tretton, and ate and drank, and shot and rode always in young Scarborough's company. During this time he did not see the old squire, and understood from Miss Scarborough's absence that he was still suffering from his late attack. The visit was to be prolonged for one other day, and he was told that on that day the squire would send for him. "I'm sick of these eternal partridges," said Augustus.

"No man should ever shoot partridges two days running. Jones can go out by himself. He won't have to tip the gamekeeper any more for an additional day, and so it will be all gain to him. You'll see my father in the afternoon after lunch, and we will go and take a walk now."

Harry started for his walk, and his companion immediately began again about the property. "I'm beginning to think," said he, "that it's nearly all up with the governor. These attacks come upon him worse and worse, and always leave him absolutely prostrate. Then he will do nothing to prevent them. To assure himself a week of life, he will not endure an hour of discomfort. It is plucky, you know."

"He is in all respects as brave a man as I have known."

"He sets God and man at absolute defiance, and always does it with the most profound courtesy. He was very much troubled about you yesterday."

"What has he to say of me?"

"Nothing in the least uncivil; but he has an idea in his head which nothing on earth will put out of it, and in which, but for your own word, I should be inclined to agree." Harry when this was said stood still on the mountain-side, and looked full into his companion's face. He felt at the moment that the idea had some reference to Mountjoy Scarborough and his disappearance. They were together on the heathy unenclosed ground of Cannock Chase, and had already walked some ten or twelve miles. "He thinks you know where Mountjoy is."

"Why should I know?"

"Or at any rate that you have seen him since any of us. He professes not to care a straw for Mountjoy or his whereabouts, and declares himself under obligation to

those who have contrived his departure. Nevertheless he is curious."

"What have I to do with Mountjoy Scarborough?"

"That's just the question. What have you to do with him? He suggests that there have been words between you as to Florence, which have caused Mountjoy to vanish. I don't profess to explain anything beyond that—nor indeed do I profess to agree with my father. But the odd thing is that Prodgers, the policeman, has the same thing running in his head."

"Because I have shown some anxiety about your brother in Scotland Yard."

"No doubt; Prodgers says that you've shown more anxiety than was to be expected from a mere acquaintance. I quite acknowledge that Prodgers is as thick-headed an idiot as you shall catch on a summer's day; but that's his opinion. For myself I know your word too well to doubt it." Harry walked on in silence, thinking, or trying to think, what, at the spur of the moment, he had better do. He was minded to speak out the whole truth, and declare to himself that it was nothing to him what Augustus Scarborough might say or think. And there was present to him a feeling that his companion was dealing unfairly with him, and was endeavouring in some way to trap him and lead him into a difficulty. But he had made up his mind, as it were, not to know anything of Mountjoy Scarborough, and to let those five minutes in the street be as though they had never been. He had been brutally attacked, and had thought it best to say nothing on the subject. He would not allow his secret, such as it was, to be wormed out of him. Scarborough was endeavouring to extort from him that which he had resolved to conceal; and he determined at last that he would not become a puppet in his hands. "I don't see why you should care a straw about it," said Scarborough.

"Nor do I."

"At any rate you repeat your denial. It will be well that I should let my father know that he is mistaken, and also that ass Prodgers. Of course with my father it is sheer curiosity. Indeed, if he thought that you were keeping Mountjoy under lock and key, he would only admire your dexterity in so preserving him. Any bold line of action that is contrary to the law recommends itself to his approbation. But Prodgers has a lurking idea that he should like to arrest you."

"What for?"

"Simply because he thinks you know something that he doesn't know. As he's a detective, that, in his mind, is quite enough for arresting any man. I may as well give him my assurance then that he is mistaken."

"Why should your assurance go for more than mine? Give him nothing of the kind."

"I may give him at any rate my assurance that I believe your word."

"If you do believe it, you can do so."

"But you repeat your assertion that you saw nothing of Mountjoy just before his disappearance?"

"This is an amount of cross-questioning which I do not take in good part, and to which I will not submit." Here Scarborough affected to laugh loudly. "I know nothing of your brother, and care almost as little. He has professed to admire a young lady to whom I am not indifferent, and has, I believe, expressed a wish to make her his wife. He is also her cousin, and the lady in question has no doubt been much interested about him. It is natural that she should be so."

"Quite natural—seeing that she has been engaged to him for twelve months."

"Of that I know nothing. But my interest about your brother has been because of her. You can explain all this about your brother if you please, or can let it alone. But for myself I decline to answer any more questions. If Prodgers thinks that he can arrest me, let him come and try."

"The idea of you flying into a passion because I have endeavoured to explain it all to you. At any rate I have your absolute denial, and that will enable me to deal both with my father and with Prodgers." To this Harry made no answer, and the two young men walked back to Tretton together without many more words between them.

When Harry had been in the house about half an hour, and had already eaten his lunch somewhat sulkily, a message came to him from Miss Scarborough requiring his presence. He went to her, and was told by her that Mr. Scarborough would now see him. He was aware that Mr. Scarborough never saw Septimus Jones, and that there was something peculiar in the sending of this message to him. Why should the man who was supposed to have but a few weeks to live be so anxious to see one who was comparatively a stranger

to him? "I am so glad you have come in before dinner, Mr Annesley, because my brother is so anxious to see you, and I am afraid you'll go too early in the morning." Then he followed her, and again found Mr. Scarborough on a couch in the same room to which he had been first introduced.

"I've had a sharp bout of it since I saw you," said the sick man.

"So we heard, sir."

"There is no saying how many or rather how few bouts of this kind it will take to polish me off. But I think I am entitled to some little respite now. The apothecary from Tretton was here this morning, and I believe has done me just as much good as Sir William Brodrick. His charge will be ten shillings, while Sir William demanded three hundred pounds. But it would be mean to go out with no one but the Tretton apothecary to look after one."

"I suppose Sir William's knowledge has been of some service."

"His dexterity with his knife has been of more. So you and Augustus have been quarrelling about Mountjoy?"

"Not that I know of."

"He says so; and I believe his word on such a subject sooner than yours. You are likely to quarrel without knowing it, and he is not. He thinks that you know what has become of Mountjoy."

"Does he? Why should he think so when I have told him that I know nothing? I tell you that I know absolutely nothing. I am ignorant whether he is dead or alive."

"He is not dead," said the father.

"I suppose not; but I know nothing about him. Why your second son—"

"You mean my eldest according to law—or rather my only son."

"Why Augustus Scarborough," continued Harry Annesley, "should take upon himself to suspect that I know aught of his brother I cannot say. He has some cock-and-bull story about a policeman whom he professes to believe to be ignorant of his own business. This policeman, he says, is anxious to arrest me."

"To make you give evidence before a magistrate," said the squire.

"He did not dare to tell me that he suspected me himself."

"There—I knew you had quarrelled."

"I deny it altogether. I have not quarrelled with Augustus Scarborough. He is welcome to his suspicions if he chooses to entertain them. I should have liked him better if he had not brought me

down to Tretton, so as to extract from me whatever he can. I shall be more guarded in future in speaking of Mountjoy Scarborough; but to you I give my positive assurance, which I do not doubt you will believe, that I know nothing respecting him." An honest indignation gleamed in his eyes as he spoke; but still there were the signs of that vacillation about his mouth which Florence had been able to read, but not to interpret.

"Yes," said the squire after a pause, "I believe you. You haven't that kind of ingenuity which enables a man to tell a lie and stick to it. I have. It's a very great gift, if a man be enabled to restrain his appetite for lying." Harry could only smile when he heard the squire's confession. "Only think how I have lied about Mountjoy; and how successful my lies might have been, but for his own folly."

"People do judge you a little harshly now," said Harry.

"What's the odds? I care nothing for their judgment. I endeavoured to do justice to my own child, and very nearly did it. I was very nearly successful in rectifying the gross injustice of the world. Why should a little delay in a ceremony in which he had no voice have robbed him of his possessions? I determined that he should have Tretton, and I determined also to make it up to Augustus by denying myself the use of my own wealth. Things have gone wrongly, not by my own folly. I could not prevent the mad career which Mountjoy has run; but do you think that I am ashamed, because the world knows what I have done? Do you suppose that my deathbed will be embittered by the remembrance that I have been a liar? Not in the least. I have done the best I could for my two sons; and in doing it have denied myself many advantages. How many a man would have spent his money on himself, thinking nothing of his boys, and then have gone to his grave with all the dignity of a steady Christian father. Of the two men I prefer myself; but I know that I have been a liar."

What was Harry Annesley to say in answer to such an address as this? There was the man stretched on his bed before him, haggard, unshaved, pale, and grizzled, with a fire in his eyes, but weakness in his voice—bold, defiant, self-satisfied, and yet not selfish. He had lived through his life with the one strong resolution of setting the law at defiance in reference to the distribution of his property; but chiefly

because he had thought the law to be unjust. Then, when the accident of his eldest son's extravagance had fallen upon him, he had endeavoured to save his second son, and had thought, without the slightest remorse, of the loss which was to fall on the creditors. He had done all this in such a manner, that, as far as Harry knew, the law could not touch him, though all the world was aware of his iniquity. And now he lay boasting of what he had done. It was necessary that Harry should say something as he rose from his seat, and he lamely expressed a wish that Mr. Scarborough might quickly recover. "No, my dear fellow," said the squire; "men do not recover when they are brought to such straits as I am in. Nor do I wish it. Were I to live, Augustus would feel the second injustice to be quite intolerable. His mind is lost in amazement at what I had contemplated. And he feels that the matter can only be set right between him and Fortune by my dying at once. If he were to understand that I were going to live ten years longer, I think that he would either commit a murder or lose his senses."

"But there is enough for both of you," said Harry.

"There is no such word in the language as enough. An estate can have but one owner, and Augustus is anxious to be owner here. I do not blame him in the least. Why should he desire to spare a father's rights, when that father showed himself so willing to sacrifice his? Good-bye, Annesley, I am sorry you are going, for I like to have some honest fellow to talk to. You are not to suppose that because I have done this thing I am indifferent of what men shall say of me. I wish them to think me good, though I have chosen to run counter to the prejudices of the world."

Then Harry escaped from the room, and spent the remaining evening with Augustus Scarborough and Septimus Jones. The conversation was devoted chiefly to the partridges and horses; and was carried on by Septimus with severity towards Harry, and by Scarborough with an extreme civility which was the more galling of the two.

CHAPTER IX. AUGUSTUS HAS HIS OWN DOUBTS.

"THAT'S an impertinent young puppy," said Septimus Jones as soon as the fly which was to carry Harry Annesley to the station had left the hall-door on the following morning. It may be presumed that

Mr. Jones would not thus have expressed himself, unless his friend Augustus Scarborough had dropped certain words in conversation in regard to Harry to the same effect. And it may be presumed also that Augustus would not have dropped such words without a purpose of letting his friend know that Harry was to be abused. Augustus Scarborough had made up his mind, looking at the matter all round, that more was to be got by abusing Harry than by praising him.

"The young man has a good opinion of himself, certainly."

"He thinks himself to be a deal better than anybody else," continued Jones, "whereas I for one don't see it. And he has a way with him of pretending to be quite equal to his companions, let them be who they may, which to me is odious. He was down upon you and down upon your father. Of course your father has made a most fraudulent attempt; but what is it to him?" The other young man made no answer, but only smiled. The opinion expressed by Mr. Jones as to Harry Annesley had only been a reflex of that felt by Augustus Scarborough. But the reflex, as is always the case when the looking-glass is true, was correct.

Scarborough had known Harry Annesley for a long time, as time is counted in early youth, and had by degrees learnt to hate him thoroughly. He was a little the elder, and had at first thought to domineer over his friend. But the friend had resisted, and had struggled manfully to achieve what he considered an equality in friendship. "Now, Scarborough, you may as well take it once for all that I am not going to be talked down. If you want to talk a fellow down you can go to Walker, Brown, or Green. Then when you are tired of the occupation you can come back to me." It was thus that Annesley had been wont to address his friend. But his friend had been anxious to talk down this special young man for special purposes, and had been conscious of some weakness in the other's character which he thought entitled him to do so. But the weakness was not of that nature, and he had failed. Then had come the rivalry between Mountjoy and Harry, which had seemed to Augustus to be the extreme of impudence. From of old he had been taught to regard his brother Mountjoy as the first of young men, among commoners; the first in prospects and the first in rank; and to him Florence Mountjoy had been allotted

as a bride. How he had himself learnt first to envy and then to covet this allotted bride need not here be told. But by degrees it had come to pass that Augustus had determined that his spendthrift brother should fall under his own power, and that the bride should be the reward. How it was that two brothers, so different in characters, and yet so alike in their selfishness, should have come to love the same girl with a true intensity of purpose, and that Harry Annesley, whose character was essentially different, and who was in no degree selfish, should have loved her also, must be left to explain itself as the girl's character shall be developed. But Florence Mountjoy had now for many months been the cause of bitter dislike against poor Harry in the mind of Augustus Scarborough. He understood, much more clearly than his brother had done, who it was that the girl really preferred. He was ever conscious, too, of his own superiority—falsely conscious—and did feel that if Harry's character were really known, no girl would in truth prefer him. He could not quite see Harry with Florence's eyes, nor could he see himself with any other eyes but his own. Then had come the meeting between Mountjoy and Harry Annesley in the street, of which he had only such garbled account as Mountjoy himself had given him within half an hour afterwards. From that story, told in the words of a drunken man—a man drunk, and bruised, and bloody, who clearly did not understand in one minute the words spoken in the last—Augustus did learn that there had been some great row between his brother and Harry Annesley. Then Mountjoy had disappeared—had disappeared, as the reader will have understood, with his brother's co-operation—and Harry had not come forward when enquiries were made, to declare what he knew of the occurrences of that night. Augustus had narrowly watched his conduct, in order at first that he might learn in what condition his brother had been left in the street, but afterwards with the purpose of ascertaining why it was that Harry had been so reticent. Then he had allured Harry on to a direct lie, and soon perceived that he could afterwards use the secret for his own purpose.

"I think we shall have to see what that young man's about, you know," he said afterwards to Septimus Jones.

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Septimus ;

but Septimus did not quite understand why it was that they should have to see what the young man was about.

"Between you and me, I think he means to interfere with me, and I do not mean to stand his interference."

"I should think not."

"He must go back to Buston among the Bustonians, or he and I will have a stand-up fight of it. I rather like a stand-up fight."

"Just so. When a fellow's so bump-tious as that he ought to be licked."

"He has lied about Mountjoy," said Augustus. Then Jones waited to be told how it was that Harry had lied. He was aware that there was some secret unknown to him, and was anxious to be informed. Was Harry aware of Mountjoy's hiding-place, and if so, how had he learned it? Why was it that Harry should be acquainted with that which was dark to all the world besides? Jones was of opinion that the squire knew all about it, and thought it not improbable that the squire and Augustus had the secret in their joint keeping. But if so, how should Harry Annesley know anything about it? "He has lied like the very deuce," continued Augustus after a pause.

"Has he, now?"

"And I don't mean to spare him."

"I should think not." Then there was a pause, at the end of which Jones found himself driven to ask a question: "How has he lied?" Augustus smiled and shook his head, from which the other man gathered that he was not now to be told the nature of the lie in question. "A fellow that lies like that," said Jones, "is not to be endured."

"I do not mean to endure him. You have heard of a young lady named Miss Mountjoy, a cousin of ours?"

"Mountjoy's Miss Mountjoy?" suggested Jones.

"Yes; Mountjoy's Miss Mountjoy. That of course is over. Mountjoy has brought himself to such a pass that he is not entitled to have a Miss Mountjoy any longer. It seems the proper thing that she shall pass with the rest of the family property to the true heir."

"You marry her!"

"We need not talk about that just at present. I don't know that I've made up my mind. At any rate I do not intend that Harry Annesley shall have her."

"I should think not."

"He's a pestilential cur, who has got

himself introduced into the family, and the sooner we get quit of him the better. I should think the young lady would hardly fancy him, when she knows that he has lied with the object of getting her former lover out of the way."

"By Jove, no, I should think not!"

"And when the world comes to understand that Harry Annesley, in the midst of all these enquiries, knows all about poor Mountjoy—was the last to see him in London—and has never come forward to say a word about him, then I think the world will be a little hard upon the immaculate Harry Annesley. His own uncle has quarrelled with him already."

"What uncle?"

"The gentleman down in Hertfordshire, on the strength of whose acres Master Harry is flaunting it about in idleness. I have my eyes open and can see as well as another. When Harry lectures me about my father and my father about me, one would suppose that there's not a hole in his own coat. I think he'll find that the garment is not altogether water-tight." Then Augustus, finding that he had told as much as was needful to Septimus Jones, left his friend and went about his own family business.

On the next morning Septimus Jones took his departure, and on the day following Augustus followed him. "So you're off," his father said to him when he came to make his adieux.

"Well, yes; I suppose so. A man has got so many things to look after which he can't attend to down here."

"I don't know what they are, but you understand it all. I'm not going to ask you to stay. Does it ever occur to you that you may never see me again?"

"What a question!"

"It's one that requires an answer, at any rate."

"It does occur to me; but not at all as probable."

"Why not probable?"

"Because there's a telegraph wire from Tretton to London, and because the journey down here is very short. It also occurs to me to think so from what has been said by Sir William Brodrick. Of course any man may die suddenly."

"Especially when the surgeons have been at him."

"You have your sister with you, sir, and she will be of more comfort to you than I can. Your condition is in some respects an advantage to you. These

creditors of Mountjoy can't force their way in upon you."

"You are wrong there."

"They have not done so."

"Nor should they, though I were as strong as you. What are Mountjoy's creditors to me? They have not a scrap of my handwriting in their possession. There is not one who can say that he has even a verbal promise from me. They never came to me when they wanted to lend him money at fifty per cent. Did they ever hear me say that he was my heir?"

"Perhaps not."

"Not one has ever heard it. It was not to them I lied, but to you and to Grey. The creditors! What do I care for them, though they be all ruined?"

"Not in the least."

"Why do you talk to me about the creditors? You, at any rate, know the truth." Then Augustus quitted the room, leaving his father in a passion. But, as a fact, he was by no means assured as to the truth. He supposed that he was the heir, but might it not be possible that his father had contrived all this so as to save the property from Mountjoy and that greedy pack of money-lenders? Grey must surely know the truth. But why should not Grey be deceived on the second event as well as on the first? There was no limit, Augustus sometimes thought, to his father's cleverness. This idea had occurred to him within the last week, and his mind was tormented with reflecting what might yet be his condition. But of one thing he was sure, that his father and Mountjoy were not in league together. Mountjoy at any rate believed himself to have been disinherited. Mountjoy conceived that his only chance of obtaining money arose from his brother. The circumstances of Mountjoy's absence were at any rate unknown to his father.

SOME NOTES AT THE ZOO.

LONDONERS who, like myself, are country born and bred, and who, in spite of their town life, still endeavour to keep up their acquaintance with Dame Nature, may well be thankful for their access to the place we call "the Zoo." Larger gardens there are certainly at Kensington and Kew, where there are birds to be observed and insects to be studied. Near Hyde Park I have heard both the nuthatch and the nightin-

gale, the soft coo of the woodpigeon, and the shrill cry of the kittiwake;* wild notes that seemed the wilder when sounding in the midst of miles of brick and mortar. At Kew my ears have recognised the tapping of the woodpecker, and my eyes have been delighted by the chance glimpse of a kingfisher, as he skimmed over the water, his feathers flashing in the sunshine as brightly as an emerald.

But pleasant as the gardens are at Kensington and Kew, and abounding as they are in their interest to the natural historian, they are not to be compared with the gardens of the Zoo. Here are secrets to be studied, and marvels to be seen, quite as strange as those which little Alice saw in Wonderland. Here, within a score of yards, are the creatures of a continent, and summed in a small space is an epitome, as it were, of all the living works of Nature. Here, without there being "another flood toward," is such a gathering of "strange beasts" as, since the time of Father Noah, has never been assembled. Here for sixpence may be seen such a show as for no sovereign-kings, emperor, or pope, could fifty years since have been opened.

Now that the Jumbo worship happily has ceased, the lions seem to claim a more than lion's share in the attentions of the public. Without, however, owning any lack of admiration for their majesties, I admit that I retain my boyish fondness for the monkey-house. Perhaps the whimsical attracts me more than the majestic, or haply I am influenced by some feeling of relationship, and love to look at my small cousins—millionth cousins it may be, and nobody can calculate how many pre-historic centuries removed.

The proper study of mankind is monkeys. So at least it may be said by the student of Darwinity, who is attempting to elucidate the theory of Evolution, and claim for human beings a simious descent. For myself, without aspiring to any vast profundity of learning on the subject, I confess I take great interest in my little fellow-creatures, and like to watch their funny ways, and see their acrobatic feats. Fellow-creatures I have called them, for I personally cling to the idea of their creation, as I hold to that of my own. But if the philosophic reader would prefer to term them fellow

nucleated protoplasmic organisms, I shall not dispute his perfect right to please himself.

Still, whether men be monkeys in their origin or not, there is much of human likeness to be noticed about apes. If not precisely man-like, they certainly are boy-like in their nature, and their noisiness. There are plenty of young monkeys running wild about our houses, in the holidays especially, and every father knows how hard they are to tame, and how ape-like are their tricks. Nor can it be denied that while boys resemble monkeys, many monkeys in their turn behave uncommonly like boys. How intent they are on trifles, and how rapidly their interest is transferred from one new plaything to the next! How vitally absorbed they seem in some engrossing pastime, such for instance as a flea-hunt, pursued upon the prostrate hairy person of a friend; yet how abruptly they forsake it when a frolic is suggested, or some mischief is afoot! How boyish are their bursts of noisy chatter when at play; their frequent scrimmages and shindies; their love of grabbing anything that they can lay their hands on; their taste for swings and sweeties; not to name their never-ending appetite for nuts!

As for their love of larking, what could be more boy-like than such a scene as this?

An old monkey sat cosily asleep in a snug corner, with a friend nestling against him and indulging likewise in a comfortable snooze. Presently a young sky-larker approached them somewhat timidly, and squatting beside the friend sat quiet for some seconds, then suddenly, as if possessed by some malicious inspiration, he reached his arm out cautiously behind the slumbering friend, and gave the elderly monkey a whacking box on the ear. He, waking in just wrath and unsuspecting of the truth—for the culprit was now shamming sleep and looked the picture of innocence—flew upon his friend with an indictment for assault, and chivied him with monstrous clamour round and round the cage, while the culprit sat regarding them, and jabbering with joy. Some little time after, the performance was repeated; the old monkey and his friend having settled in their corner, and the assault and wrongful punishment occurring as before. Once again the trick was tried, but the friend, who had twice suffered, was shamming sleep this time, and caught the culprit in the act, and with the help of the old monkey gave him a good drubbing, which indeed he well deserved.

* It may be remembered that a few winters ago, a number of these gulls were daily fishing in the Serpentine.

I have seen many interesting infants at the Zoo, and have heard much conversation evoked on their account. What a fuss was made about the baby hippopotamus, and how the baby tapir was idolised last winter, until the Jumbo worship put its tiny snout quite out of joint! A baby elephant would doubtless draw all London to its cradle, and who would fail to hail with joy an infantine giraffe? But as far as my affections have at present been extended to babies zoological, I think that baby monkeys have most won my admiration, if not indeed my love. Few infants can be prettier than a baby kangaroo, seen peeping shyly forth from the snug maternal pouch. Even this, however, is not so sweet a sight as that of a small monkey squatting pick-a-back upon its mother, with its long lean little arms tightly clasped around her neck. To see her give it suck is one of the grotesque and yet tenderest of sights; and if she allows you the great honour of a handshake with her offspring, you will not soon forget the softness of the tiny slender fingers, or how clingly they clutch.

The study of zoology is made easy at the Zoo, and a few steps from the monkey-house will bring you to the lions, whose solemnity of countenance and dignified demeanour present a striking contrast to the restless little mischief-loving creatures you have left. A lion always looks majestic except perhaps when snarling and snuffling over a bone; he has a way of gravely gazing into space, as though his brains were occupied with great affairs of state. Yet the king of beasts is somewhat of a coward, so hunters have declared; and despite of all his dignity, I fear he may be hen-pecked like many a weaker creature. I have often seen his majesty submit to much ill-treatment at the paws of his good queen, and the other day she actually jumped over his royal back while he lay enjoying his slumber in the sunshine, and on his growling a remonstrance she gravely slapped him on the cheek. Whether this was done in fun—although she looked too grand a creature to condescend to joke—or whether she desired to try her husband's temper, as fine ladies often do, or possibly to draw his notice to the fact that some remarkably plump children were close before his nose, are points which must remain for ever wrapped in doubt.

Weak people who wept over the sale of "poor old Jumbo," perhaps may drop a tear over the fate of the poor dear tigers, which

are daily tantalised by seeing scores of tender juicy-looking babies held before their dens; or may pity the hyenas which are so cruelly debarred from feasting on the fat and chubby-cheeked small cherubs who throng around their cage. No wonder that the wolves appear so restless and unhappy, when they see such tempting dainties put before them, which, like the feast of Sancho Panza, they are not allowed to touch. Still, to my thinking, the eagles look more wretched than the wolves; and the hyenas move my sympathy far less than the hawks. The beasts can take some exercise to relieve their minds, but the birds sit moped to death, and can hardly stretch their wings. Without being a cannibal, one may faintly share the feelings of a hungry wolf or tiger when he glares at a plump baby which is being nursed at a provokingly short distance from his nose; but they can hardly be so poignant as the wrath of the caged sparrow-hawk, who sees what should be his dinner hopping gaily close in front of him, and chirping very cheerfully a defiance to his beak.

As the Council of the Zoo is a scientific body, it displays, of course, a pardonable fondness for fine language, as witness the small placards which parade the Latin names of the creatures in its care. In these days of general cramming, it may be well that little boys when they go there in the holidays should be taught that "*Cercopithecus*" means a kind of monkey, or that "*Blatta*" is the classical equivalent for moth. But why the excellent new insect house should now be called the Insectarium, the visitor who fails to share the wisdom of the Council may be puzzled to divine. So terrible a term is surely quite enough to frighten Master Tommy and rob him of his pleasure in visiting the place.

Perhaps, however, it was thought that his small mind might be troubled—as it may have been last winter—by his seeing the name "Insect House" placed in biggish letters on the roof of a small edifice, which he would find in great part tenanted by lizards, terrapins, chameleons, bull-frogs, toads, and birds of paradise. By these confusing inmates Tommy well might be bewildered, like the rural railway Solomon, who was driven to decide that, according to the bye-laws, cats were "dogs," and parrots were "dogs," but that a tortoise was an "insect," and, therefore, might be carried free of any extra charge.

Of all these "insects," the chameleons

are, perhaps, the best worth watching—at least by the observant and philosophic visitor, who happens to have plenty of patience at command. For the chameleons are lethargic, if not lazy, in their movements, and will remain for many hours in precisely the same posture, and without so much as winking, if indeed they ever can indulge in such a pastime, which I feel disposed to doubt. Encased in horny coverings of globular construction protruding oddly from the head, their eyes move independently without seeming to squint. In fact, the animal is provided with such complex visual machinery as will enable it apparently to see two ways at once.

If it were true that chameleons existed upon air it might fairly be imagined that those which live in London would grow fat upon its fogs, for to creatures that can live on air there must surely be much nourishment in such substantial atmosphere. But this poetical delusion may quickly be dispelled by a visit at their feeding-time, when the chameleons are regaled with a banquet of blue-bottle flies which they greatly seem to relish, and it certainly is curious to watch them while they leisurely prepare for their repast. At first thinking of the matter, one may reasonably wonder how so slow-moving a creature can catch an active blue-bottle, which sets spiders at defiance, and eludes the ingenuity of even man himself. But Dame Nature is a "rum one," as Mr. Squeers has wisely said, and she has provided the chameleon with a weapon for fly-capture which is really far more fatal than a spider's fetid breath or a brandished pocket-handkerchief. The tragedy indeed is quite dramatic in intensity. Stealthily approaching it, while seeming scarce to move, the animal arrives within three inches of its prey; when suddenly out darts a long, thin, pliant, gummy tongue, which, fatal as the shirt of Nessus, wraps around its victim, and the unsuspecting blue-bottle is snapped up without a buzz. Not a sound is heard; not a second is allowed it for a struggle in self-defence; nor is there the faintest hope of an escape. Noiselessly its fate is sealed; and if the spectator of the incident has suffered much from flies, and happens to possess a revengeful disposition, he may watch with savage joy the mastication of the insect, and its gradual disappearance down the slowly-chewing jaws.

One has sometimes heard of people who have lived on their relations, after eating their own family out of house and home,

and the Ocellated Bladder-frog is some such a terrible performer, for he scruples not when hungry to feed on other frogs. *Cystignathus Ocellatus* is the title he assumes in the scientific world, for so eminent a tragedian ought to have no common name. In this respect, as well as in his cannibal propensity, he is like his present neighbour, *Ceratophrys Ornata*, who though called *Ornata* is as ugly as himself. Both these toad-shaped strangers hail from Buenos Ayres, and are as dangerous to handle as the pike that frightened Mr. Briggs, which in one point they resemble, for they bark as well as bite.

Other tragic scenes are acted in the adjacent corner, where twice a week at nightfall the Giant Toad regales himself by feasting on white mice. His chum, the Pantherine Toad, is also present at the banquet; and though he comes from North West Africa, the manner of his feeding is like to that of his Brazilian friend. That a toad should catch a mouse may seem as strange as that chameleons should capture a blue-bottle fly; but certainly these foreign toads are skilful in the fatal sport. Like chameleons, they dart their slimy tongues upon their prey, and pounce on it like panthers, if not like common cats. But though feline in their appetites, these toads are more particular than ordinary pussies, for although they feed at nightfall they will not touch a mouse unless it happens to be white.

Then there are the Terrapins, or the Matamoras Terrapins, to give them their full names. These clumsy-looking creatures live near the Giant Toads; and, to the casual visitor, the statement of the keeper that the terrapins catch fish seems hardly less incredible than that toads can capture mice. The terrapins, however, not merely lie like stones at the bottom of the water, but seem so perfectly inanimate, and indeed so much resemble bits of rock, that they easily deceive the little fish on which they feed. Their eyes are barely visible, but they keep a sharp look-out, and woe betide the roach that happens to swim near their snout. "Silly things!" exclaimed a young lady in my hearing, having watched them for some moments without seeing them move. But for this she was immediately rebuked by the keeper, who perhaps thought that the terrapins might overhear the insult, and grieve over their lack of speech in self-defence. So said he, "There's nothing silly, miss, in natural history;

things mostly have their uses, if you can make 'em out." And then, by way of balm for her lacerated feelings at being thus reproved, he invited her to see him feed the Bird of Paradise; but as the meal merely consisted of some maggots, which wriggled through his fingers and were swallowed all alive, it appeared to savour less of poetry and Paradise than she perhaps had hoped. The bird, however, greatly seemed to relish the repast; still, in spite of his good appetite, I fancied he seemed treated rather like an invalid, and barely a week later the keeper was lamenting the loss of his pet bird, and lavishing his attentions on his friend "Joey," the three-toed Amphiuma, which, in spite of its fine name, looks very like an eel. He informed me that the bird had cost a heap of money, as much as fifty pounds, he thought. So that it was indeed a precious pet. Its cage, on my next visit, I found tenanted by a larger but most graceful-looking stranger, which I learned upon enquiry was called an Indian Cuckoo. But he seemed so highly dignified, and in plumage looked so different from his European cousins, that he might well be pardoned for disclaiming their relationship. I rather fancy, too, that this illustrious stranger may have felt inclined to snub the little family next door, if they had tried to scrape acquaintance on the ground of foreign birth. Of the size of a song thrush, they must have seemed of small importance in his eyes, and the only thing imposing about them was their name. As they were very simply dressed in speckled black and yellow, with striped tail and wings to match, I might myself have passed them without notice, but for my observing that they were called the Warty-faced Honey-Eaters, a name which set me wondering whence and wherefore it was theirs. Faces they had none, unless a beak be called a face, and as far as I could see they showed no symptoms of a wart. As for their eating honey, well, perhaps they do so in their native country, but here they are content to live on carrots and potatoes, with a hard-boiled egg for breakfast, like many other common folk.

After finding birds of paradise in the Insectarium, one is not surprised to see a penguin placed in the Aquarium. Just now there are a couple—not a pair, however, and there is no more hope at present of a nest of little penguins than of a nest of little phoenixes. The younger, a year old, is known as "Little Billy," and if he does not

precisely answer to his name, at any rate he shakes his head and screams when he is spoken to. The story goes that he is fond of the society of ladies, having been much petted by them on his voyage hither from his home in the South Seas. Thanks to their good influence, Master Billy is quite tame, and will suffer you to pat him as you would a little pug-dog. When erect upon his feet he reaches to your knee, and looks a plump and highly promising young person. Not merely promising, moreover, is he, but performing, and his feats when under water would far outdo the deeds of any champion lady swimmer. To see him waddle clumsily and slowly on the floor for a minnow that is flung there, one might fancy him a sadly lazy little fellow; but when plunging in his tank he seems completely in his element, and the pace at which he swims or flies along the bottom with his little fin-like wings must be painfully surprising to the fish that he snaps up and swallows as he goes. Billy wears a well-fitting dark-grey coat on his back, and displays a broad expansive frontage of white waistcoat. Indeed, he looks as prosperous and portly as an alderman attending a fish-dinner, and his voracity for whitebait (in an uncooked state, however) would do credit to the heartiest of all the Common Councilmen.

In the next cage lived last year—but the winter fogs proved fatal—another rather ravenous admirer of fish dinners. This was the Darter, a bird brought from South America, and owing its name probably to the manner of its feeding. Having a small body, not much bigger than a teal's, it was furnished with a long, thin, pliant, snaky neck, which enabled it to dart its spiky beak out like a spear and stick it through a minnow at several inches' distance. Its feeding times were frequent, for visitors are curious, and keepers not reluctant to show off their special pets. But I never knew the Darter disinclined for a dinner, nor, when fish were to be spitted, did it ever miss its aim. Nor could I less admire the cleverness with which, on rising to the surface, it jerked its prey into the air and swallowed it head first. In the intervals between its meals the Darter used to sit and shiver on its perch, and looked as "mimsy" as the "borogoves" in Alice's immortal ballad. Whether it missed its native sunshine, or shivered to attract the sympathy of strangers, like the mendicant who simulates ague-fits upon the pavement, the Darter always used to shake and look

extremely wretched when a visitor appeared. But its snake-like eyes were keenly on the look-out for its keeper, and it flopped into its tank at the least whisper of a fish.

BODLEY, AND THE BODLEIAN.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART I. BODLEY IN CHILDHOOD AND AT COLLEGE.

THERE must be a run back of the mind. It must go as far as 1544; and to the 2nd of March of it. And Exeter is the place with which the given date is to have especial association.

It is because a John and a Joan Bodley were living in the fair cathedral city then. They had married, only some twelve months before; they had the blood of good Devonshire families in their veins; they had the happiness of having many of their own class and their own kin around them to look in upon them in their new-formed home; and this all would have made them of pleasant note and personality, even had there been nothing more. But this John and Joan Bodley (a name spelt also in those old days, Bodely and Bodleigh) became interlinked with the history of English literature, when, in that year 1544, and on that 2nd day of the March of it, they were gladdened by the sight of Thomas, their little first-born son. It is important, too, that the child's birth-time was a notable time, that his birth-place was a notable place. As his little life was there, new opened—with the cathedral towers for his little eyes to rest on; and the cathedral close for his small exercise; and the city-gates to be passed through before he could be led out into the lanes, and amongst the ferns, and by the long river—that commotion, of many sorts and many depths, which came to agitate Exeter and the Exeter people, and which reached from bell-tower to crypt, from bishop and burgess down to scullion, was the same commotion that was to influence his future largely, that was to bring the strongest motives and impulse to lead his thoughts and shape out his career.

His parents were Protestant. Popery had not been rejected by them (as, for sure, it was by some) because it was safety, because it was policy. They did not want merely to go whither the king went, to adopt the royal creed as their creed, the royal decisions as the decisions to which they would adhere. They had thrown their lot in with Protestantism out of full belief. And it was theirs

at that time, easily and without dispute. For Henry was still in life (masterfully) to render himself (as masterfully as he could) "Defender of the Faith, and On Earth the Supreme Head of the Church of England and Ireland." He had announced that he was this only five weeks before the little Thomas had been born. When the child was taken into the cathedral, therefore, to worship, or to be amazed, there was Protestantism there, also—after its form—for his childish contemplation and initiation. He was not being brought into contact with popish practices enjoying high rule; he was not getting familiarised with incense, the elevation of the host; he saw no noble statuary receiving the adoration of the devout. The sanctuaries had had their stripping, or were having it; the ritual had already—to a given measure—been learnt afresh. Early, too, as early as when the little Thomas was only five years old, and Henry had only been dead a little more than a year, such popery as came into Exeter came into it only to throw Exeter into terror. It was the insurrection of 1549. Armed bodies of Devonshire men, resolved to get things back into the groove from which they had been wrested, rose in one district, rose in another district, and then marched into the alarmed city. They were an alarming sight, an alarming hearing, as they tramped and shouted; as they bore along with them crosses and banners, defiantly; as they carried candlesticks and the host, canopied; as they set fire to churches and houses, imperilling the lives of everyone in the place. They were driven out at last, and the gates were barred on them, for the Exeter men became as one man in their own defence; but the rebels remained where they had been driven; they encamped there; trying to get re-entrance from above by escalade, trying to get re-entrance from underneath by mines; and no help came, no supplies; and the Exeter people—Bodleys and all others—starved. There came, in time, the routing of the rebels from outside. But, as part of the routing, came the retaliation of massacre, of state beheading, of insult, of plunder; one incident being the sight of the Romish vicar of St. Thomas's hanging from the top of his own steeple, and every incident being horror. There came, further, all over the country, the rigid insistence, from the Protestant side, that Protestantism should mean a certain so much, and not something that differed from that certain so much. There came, too—and this is especially

significant in dealing with Bodley and the Bodleian—the destruction of libraries at Oxford and elsewhere; and there came—which is getting strictly within Exeter walls again, and to what was transpiring in the Bodleys' sight—the fanatic driving of Volsey, their own bishop, from his see. The whole was solemn warning to John and Joan Bodley. As they lived through it, John gave stout citizen-help, there can be no doubt, and Joan would have been brave before her little Thomas and the other little ones who had come to her—a young John, a Lawrence, a Zachary, and, in good time, a Josias, and a daughter—still they could see danger coming that they would be sure would fall heavily and cruelly. They had one interlude of peace and promise.

Myles Coverdale had residence as bishop at Exeter, in Volsey's place. With his friendship and his wide learning, and his recent translation of the Bible, with his rule at the cathedral based on the Bodleys' own principles, there seemed a prospect that worship and work, the mere mechanism of living, could be carried on and enjoyed at Exeter in recognised calm and order. But when Thomas Bodley was nine years old, and Edward was dead, and Mary had succeeded him, Myles Coverdale was hurled headlong out of his bishopric in turn, and cast into gaol. It was the event that made John and Joan Bodley take action. If, they thought, they had been forced to witness killing and incendiarism, and the cowering of children, during Edward's reign; if, they thought, the conscience had been fettered then, and children had been pent up in the city, struggling for bare life on scanty food, how infinitely worse things would be with the other creed triumphant! They could see but one course to pursue. Friends and neighbours, who were Protestant, like themselves, who were of similar worthy blood, who were as incapable of dissembling, who would be as sure to encounter persecution, had fled from England to the undisturbed cities of the Continent, and they must do the same.

It was the beginning of the second period of Thomas Bodley's life. The little fellow and his mother and the other children had to encounter their change of home without the father. He had gone first, leaving his family in Devonshire with their kin; and it was only when he found where they would be safe that they set out to join him. It was at Wesel,

Cleveland. There, and also at Frankfort, whither they moved in a few months, they found other English refugees, and all of them joining, they formed together an English church of some few score members. But Geneva was also receiving fugitives from France and everywhere, and that was their ultimate resting-place. Probably the university which was just recently established there mainly helped their choice. They had seen that worthy instruction, despite all the turmoil, had been given to their young Thomas at Exeter Grammar School; and he was gifted with more than ordinary powers. He would enter public service if ever there should be a rebound to Protestantism at home, and he was getting to the age when he ought to have every advantage his father was able to bestow. And these advantages were not stinted. On the contrary, they were given bountifully. The boy had scarcely arrived at Geneva when, for better study, he was put to board with Philibert Saracenus, physician. At this worthy scholar's house he read Homer with Constantinus—engaged then in his editions of Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and others; engaged also in preparing his Greek and Latin Lexicon. He had further help in Greek from Beroaldus, a man with learning marked enough, and who was flushed with his sharp escape from the stake. He studied Hebrew under Chevalerius—a few years before in Henry's household, instructing the Princess Elizabeth, and adding to his fame by his Syriac translations. He had for his theological tutors no less personages than Beza and Calvin. That such a staff of professors was available during a limited series of exiled "terms" or "sessions" proves Geneva's intellectual wealth assuredly; and what pupil, even a mere child, as Thomas Bodley was, could breathe such privileged atmosphere and not bear away the aroma of it?

Myles Coverdale, moreover, contrived to join the goodly company soon. William Whittingham was already there, married to Calvin's sister and full of the Puritan fire that made him subsequently, when Dean of Durham, despoil his own cathedral. John Knox was there; and there was a new and an absorbing work in hand, with John Bodley prominent in it, that could not have avoided standing in full view of the young Thomas throughout his studies, forming a topic that mingled with them day by day. The

"Geneva Bible" was being translated. It was "at the charges of this berer, John Bodleigh, and his associats;" "God knoweth with what feare and trembling we have been nowe for the space of two yeres and more, day and night, occupied herein;" and Elizabeth, on the 8th of January, 1561, granted "unto our well-beloved subject, John Bodleigh, and to his assignes, for the terme of seven yeares" the privilege of selling this Bible, "streightlie forbydding and commanding by these presents all and singular our subiectes, as well printers and booksellers as other persons," from interfering with his rights. It was a good translation; it was piously laboured at "whilst in exile," say the "associats" in their preface, to be "comfortable to the church," since "things at home are falling from Christ to Antichrist, from living God to dumme and dead idoles;" it was destined to become the family Bible over all England during the rest of Thomas Bodley's life, rising sufficiently into popularity to reach to thirty editions; and "we thinke so well of the first impression," wrote Parker and Grindal to Lord Burleigh in 1565, "that we wishe it wold please you to be a meane that twelve yeares longer tearme"—or license to sell—"maye be by speciall .privilege graunted" to John Bodley. Further, John Bodley's "associats" at the work, besides Knox, and Coverdale, and Whittingham, were Rowland Hall, the printer; Christopher Goodman (Knox's fervent friend, rebellious and recanting); Thomas Sampson, to be Dean of Christchurch, Oxford; Anthony Gilby, to be rector of Ashby de la Zouch; Thomas Cole; John Pullain. It can be understood how, to listen to some of the conversation of this remarkable group of men, to be in contact with it, was of essential moment to the young scholar, was in no light manner provisioning him and accoutring him for his allotted road.

But Geneva had to be left. The news of the death of Mary flew from English settlement to English settlement, taking joy everywhere; for it was news that made the refugees free; and as soon as the Bodleys could be ready in 1559, they returned to England, settling in London. There had been the recent coronation there; there had been progresses and processions through the London streets, in one of which a child, personifying "Truth," had been made to descend from a decorated arch and to offer the new queen a Bible; and

as this had been accepted by her highness, she holding it to her heart piously, this was of excellent omen to the Bodleys. For the "Geneva Bible," or the "Exiles' Bible," or the "Bodleigh Bible" (it was called all three), must not be forgotten at this moment. To get the new queen's license for this, to promote its sale, to use influence for it, and seek for patronage, were the objects just then to which John Bodley was devoted, and necessarily influenced his choice of residence. By the evidence, also, dating half a century earlier (1511), of permissions granted by Henry the Eighth, that the souls of a James, and a Joan, and a Thomas Bodley might be prayed for, in some stated London churches, it is probable that there were powerful kinsmen and kinswomen within London walls, to give kind reception on landing at the Thames, and to strengthen the resolve that the return to Exeter had better be deferred. Either way, for the young Thomas himself, there was a special destination. It was Oxford. He was entered at Magdalen the year after the return, his tutor being Lawrence Humphrey, and this was a circumstance that was again very significant. For Humphrey was fresh from Switzerland, like the young scholar himself, Humphrey was strongly impregnated with Puritanism, and under this earnest divine, Thomas Bodley's talents which had been so diligently and wisely fostered, found exactly the soil that would ensure their ripening.

Now Oxford had no public library then, it should be noted. Bodley was there, but there was no Bodleian. If books were wanted to supplement Dr. Humphrey's teaching, there were no books to be had. Five years previously, the splendid efforts of another Humphrey, as it chanced, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, to furnish students with the free use of books, had been finally and barbarously overthrown; and the newly-installed young Bodley could walk through rows of horses stabled in part of the good duke's beautiful building; could see forage and defilement on the desecrated stones of it and on its plundered shelves, and, with all the love of letters his scholastic breeding had made so strong within him, he could have recognised, indignantly, Duke Humphrey's priceless MSS. slashed and pieced into the hundred uses to which parchment and vellum could in any way be applied. It was not new to him, such spoliation and such debase-ment. During his just finished Genevan days, both at the house of Philibert

Saracenus, and at the lodgings of his parents, he would have heard deep lamentations at similar pitiable destruction. There was John Bale, for example. He, in his exile, so near to Geneva as Basle, had seen a merchant buy two entire libraries for forty shillings; had seen him subsequently hand over the contents, noble or ignoble, Greek, Latin, Oriental, illuminated, or in close plain hand, for waste use. But when Thomas Bodley came upon this annihilation now himself, face to face; when he was in the midst of it, with authorities wanted and authorities not to be had; when he saw the shell of the very thing that would have served him lying there a ruin, and the contents vanished, or only to be met with slit and sewn, converted into wrap and cover, or lying in ash-heaps from which only a charred page or two was revealed to lead to sorrowful identification, is it not likely that it was at that early moment that he was first stirred with a noble purpose? It may be. It is most likely. There must be a first thought of all things; there must be the circumstances that bring the first thought; and it is good to think that the conception to raise the Bodleian was with Bodley as soon as he saw that Oxford wanted it, and that the resolve to carry the conception right on to execution was with Bodley as he still stayed on at Oxford, and as his student life showed him that Oxford wanted it more and more.

What is sure is, that in spite of this untreasuring of Duke Humphrey's treasures, that in spite of much else that was degraded and unstable at that time at Oxford, Thomas Bodley, even in those early days, made his mark there. In three years (1563) he became B.A., and was elected to Merton College; in the next year (1564) he was made Fellow; in 1565 he gave a public lecture in Greek, in the Hall at Merton, being already so much of a benefactor to Oxford that he gave the lecture gratuitously. It was again matter that, on its own account also, was noteworthy. For the first Greek Chair had only been founded (by Wolsey) about forty years earlier; and the colleges had been split into parties on the question whether Greek should be pronounced in a new fashion, or should remain as it had grown to be pronounced, insularly and traditionally, from the past. The disputants had called themselves Greeks on the one side and Trojans on the other; theological animus had, of course, been introduced

into the warfare, on the assumed grounds that the Catholics were for the old pronunciation and that the Protestants were for the new; whilst, through all, whipping, loss of rank, and expulsion had been the various penalties inflicted (or ordered) for departing from tradition, and Gardiner, at the outset of the strange matter, had vowed that he would rather see Greek rooted up from the universities altogether, than that he would stand by and hear it submitted to ignominious change. And here was Thomas Bodley, a Fellow, it was true, but only in his twenty-first year, speaking in Greek—using the mode of "Trojans" and Protestants, it is sure, his Continental experience having been his guide to it—speaking it under a venerable roof, where the most erudite and philosophic had spoken, and speaking it to full benches. But Bodley had sat under Constantinus, it must be remembered; he had sat under Beroaldus; and strong with the strength of this, his Greek lecturing came from him so that, in return for it, an annual stipend of four marks was conferred upon him. And he continued his exertions. In the following year (1566) he became M.A. There is his own testimony as to the wide stretch of his application at this period. "I bestowed my time," he says, "in the study of sundry faculties, without any inclination to profess any one above the rest." This modest description of his sweep of learning occurs in a tantalisingly short Life he wrote. He only suffered it to cover seven sheets of paper (for his adverse critics counted the MS. slyly), yet John Chamberlain, one of the adverse critics, declared it to be such "an argument of his vanitie . . . not leaving out the least minutie," that "the prime prelate," to whom the "treatise" was commended, would have "too much judgment to let it be published." And, indeed, the prime prelate (Abbott) proved, in the end, to have precisely that amount of judgment. He let the seven sheets lie, nor were they ever "set up," and turned into a small pamphlet (at Oxford), till 1647, thirty-four years after Bodley was dead—Oxford, curiously, being at that moment in the tremor of Charles's escape from it, in the glory of having held Charles's Parliament and garrison, in the pain of the actual endurance of the noted siege. But, allowing this little side-matter to pass, Bodley's absence of inclination to profess a stated faculty had its good and efficient cause. "I was then," his Life goes on to

say, "wholly addicted to employ myself . . . in the public service of the state;" and, gathering up the varied learning necessary for this, making himself master of state-craft, of history, of debate, of address, of Italian, French, Spanish, Hebrew (his Latin and Greek were necessarily assured), he still stayed at Merton, being elected junior proctor in 1569, and further, somewhat later, University orator. And that his college life was delightful is self-evident. One element of his enjoyment of it was that two of his brothers, Josias and Lawrence, came to share it. Josias, like himself, joined Merton. Lawrence took up residence at Christ Church. Then, Bodley's great friend Drusius arrived; weighted with his early fame as critic, linguist, and theologian; giving his choice to Merton also, and living there from 1572 to 1576. That it was from Drusius that Bodley obtained his Hebrew there can be no doubt. The great scholar, at Dr. Lawrence Humphrey's desire, constantly read Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, to Merton students; Bodley only looked upon himself as a student, playing a student's part; and down to the year 1576, when the master and the student both left Oxford, there was an intercourse between them which grew stronger day by day, and which made Drusius acquire that high opinion of Bodley's powers that he published to the world eloquently in a letter, dated June 5th, 1594. This is a fitting end to Bodley's first connection with Oxford. He had passed sixteen years there, and though twenty more were to pass before Drusius wrote his eulogium, there was no forgetting that university life they had passed together; and when those twenty years had made the pupil's powers known to all the diplomatic world, Drusius was ready with his recollection of those powers in their rich promise, and, in the manner of the time, he took good opportunity of giving them broad acknowledgment.

BLUNDERS IN PRINT.

THIS is a most comprehensive title and might include every species of mistake which could possibly find its way into type.

In the present case we may group under it a few examples of the more common errors in print, not only of those directly attributable to the printer, but also of the mistakes resulting from a loose style of

composition, as well as those which may occasionally creep into the "copy" even of the careful in the hurry of writing for the press. Both writer and printer, no doubt, repudiate them, but the disinterested will probably decide that each is responsible for a share.

Who has not heard of the blunder by which a right reverend prelate who had referred to the siege of Abimelech was represented as alluding to the siege of Limerick, owing to the similarity of sound deceiving a not-too-discriminating reporter? and of the United States pressman whose classical education would appear to have been considerably neglected from the transformation he effected of the utterance of a senator of the great republic, "Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed major veritas," into the less dignified phraseology, "'I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato,' said Major Veritas"? Most people, too, are acquainted with the story of the bishop who, preaching on behalf of the fund for renovating a sacred edifice which had fallen into a state of dilapidation, was reported in a local paper to have expressed a hope that he would never again have to conduct the service in that "d—d old church." His lordship immediately wrote to the journal in question explaining that the expression used was "damp old church," whereupon the editor mended matters considerably by appending a note to the letter to the effect that, while publicity was willingly given to the bishop's explanation, every confidence was reposed in the accuracy of the reporter! It was the scribe again who ludicrously blundered—the deception practised on his ear not being corrected by his intelligence—when the Earl of Carnarvon, who had referred to the revered names of Barrow and Jeremy Taylor, was represented as saying, "A barrow and journeyman tailor."

In a speech on temperance, not very long ago, Sir Wilfrid Lawson was reported to have alluded to the "spirit of reticence that exalteth a nation," but, of course, the teetotal baronet had used the word "righteousness" where "reticence" did duty. This mistake was doubtless due to the similarity of the consonantal outline for the two words in the system of shorthand most generally employed. In the course of a discourse on the Holy Land recently, a lecturer said that, although improvements in this respect had come into operation in all other parts of the world, the Eastern traveller still retains

his sandals, and next morning was horrified to find himself asserting in a local print that the Eastern traveller still "retails his scandals."

An American orator, in describing the enthusiasm with which a speech of his had been received, made use of the expression, "At that moment the shouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air." But the picture was presented in a somewhat modified form to the readers of the journal which printed it: "At that moment the snouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air."

It might possibly be difficult to decide whether the writer or printer was in error when a leading London daily made Lord Derby quote the poet thus:

That climax of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills.

An absurd blunder appeared in the Parliamentary report of the Daily Telegraph on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions on the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government. There a right honourable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamebird of Birmingham," an allusion to his preception which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamaliel of Birmingham." Perhaps Irish reporters, owing to the recognised tendency of the soil and climate, are privileged in matters of this kind. One of them, in describing the result of a recent conflict between the police and the people in which firearms were used, writes: "In the union infirmary lies John Smith with his shattered leg, which was amputated on Tuesday last." Ordinary mortals might have imagined that the surgeon would have caused the shattered member to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the crippled patient. That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if this be correctly credited to a Glasgow paper's account of a shipping disaster: "The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for three thousand pounds, and carried two hundred tons of pig iron." But less ephemeral publications than newspapers have occasionally furnished instances of ludicrous ambiguity. Morse's old geography, for example, pointed out an architectural peculiarity of an extraordinary character when it informed the rising generation of its time that a certain town

contained "four hundred houses and four thousand inhabitants all standing with their gable-ends to the street." A few months ago an Irish county journal, in reporting the remarks of the county court judge, who condoled with the bereaved family of a recently deceased solicitor, actually ascribed to his hopour the expression that he sympathised with his depraved wife and family, which a rival print dwelt on with satisfaction as "a melancholy instance of advancing imbecility." History does not record whether this modification was due to the unconscious ingenuity of the reporter or printer. Sometimes, however, the mistakes which occur are so clearly the work of the compositor that a denial will not avail, and he will then, too often justly, pass on the blame to the abominable caligraphy of the writer. If a certain pressman, for instance, had written a "copper-plate" hand, a daily paper in its obituary notice of a distinguished continental character, referring to the time at which the subject of the notice left his alma mater, would not have informed its readers that at the age of nineteen he left his "alum water." Nor, under similar circumstances, would a London daily, in an advertisement of the recent International Temperance Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, have informed the public that by a visit to the teetotal show they could see "strong drinks from foreign countries," instead of "strange drinks," etc. It is, on the other hand, open to question whether the best caligraphy ever produced would have prevented a reverend gentleman, who in a sermon at Cardiff spoke of "women clothed with sanctity," being reported, owing to an unfortunate transposition of a single letter, as alluding to women clothed with "scantity." A young member of the British House of Representatives, much addicted to the use of inflated diction, expressed at a meeting of his constituents a wish that he had a window in his bosom that they might see the workings of his heart. Amongst other blunders which a hastily composed report of his address contained was the substitution of "widow" for "window." In a recent notice of a new edition of Shakespeare's works, a not inappropriate name was bestowed on Sir John Falstaff, presumably by accident—for compositors are but human, and sometimes enjoy a joke—the corpulent knight being denominated in print "Fatstaff." In describing a country

entertainment, a strong point in which was the appearance of a human mountain of fat, a reporter alluded to this item as the feature of the exhibition, but the printer, with, no doubt, a sly hit at the spare figure of the giant, transformed it into "the feather of the exhibition." The writer of this paper, in an account of a fancy fair, stated that "Lord C—— and Dr. H—— kept a shooting-saloon, at which a number of aspiring marksmen tried their skill," and was somewhat surprised to find it next morning set up as a "shocking saloon," the compositor, if he thought anything about the matter at all, probably labouring under the hallucination that his lordship and the doctor had devoted their energies in the cause of charity to the management of a galvanic battery. A north of Ireland journal's description of the effect of a volley fired by the constabulary during a riot was, by a slip in punctuation, rendered most absurd. It was stated that "when the smoke cleared away, two persons lay upon the ground quite dead moaning and weltering in their blood." Had the period been inserted, as it ought, after the word "dead," the remainder of that sentence would have read with the next, which described the appearance of the wounded, as distinguished from the killed, and this ridiculous blunder would have been avoided. In a serial story recently, a printer took liberties with his "copy" with an amusing result. The author wrote, "Lady G—— grew pale, tottered back a step or two, then fainted." But the compositor, better acquainted, apparently, with the mysteries of the feminine toilet, was more alive to the necessity of the situation, and set it up, "Lady G—— grew pale . . . then painted." Occasionally, in correcting "proofs," portions of different reports, by a mistake which the initiated know may easily occur, are intermixed, and readers are then presented with a fancy account somewhat after the style adopted by a Dublin newspaper, when it actually announced, under the head of "Infanticide," that a young woman "was brought up charged with the murder of her infant child by throwing it from a window. The archbishop was present, and the full choral service was performed."

Nowhere are more ludicrous blunders to be met with than in the compositions of advertisers, due, no doubt, in some measure to the restraint imposed by limited space, and it is scarcely possible to look through

the columns devoted to these in any of the principal daily papers, without meeting numerous instances of the inability of many persons to state exactly what they wish to announce, and of very loose use of words and phrases, frequently giving rise to amusing ambiguity. Thus we all know of the unclean beings desirous of improving their physical condition, who in the Times announced, "Two sisters want washing," and of the tobacco manufacturer's ideas of public propriety, as evidenced by his advertisement, "Twenty boys wanted to strip." We are aware, too, of the existence of the enfant terrible for whom was required "a handsome Shetland pony suitable for a child with a long mane and tail," and we have heard of the lady whose idea of her own physique is ingeniously conveyed in the intimation that she has for disposal "a splendid lady's gold watch." It is not alone "splendid ladies" who part with their watches in this way, for every day the public are informed, through the same medium, that there is for sale an "excellent lady's gold watch," "a beautiful lady's watch," or "a small gold-faced lady's watch." Women of peculiar personal appearance too occasionally engage in barter of this class, for recently a purchaser was wanted for "a black highly-ornamented lady's fan." When the vendor is of the other sex we have for sale "a massive gentleman's gold chain," "a most reliable gentleman's gold watch," or "a rich gentleman's gold chain." No doubt some of those who adopt this style of expression are ready to enter into a defence of it by an argument respecting adjectives and their relation to nouns. But what excuse will be advanced by the author of the following, which appeared a few months ago in the Times, showing on the part of the advertiser some extraordinary ideas respecting horse-flesh. "For sale, a four-wheeled covered business horse and car." "Wanted a piano by a lady with modern legs," has before now met the public eye. Can that lady have emigrated? There is a strong suspicion that it is her hand which is seen in the charming composition: "A piano for sale by a lady who is about to proceed on a long voyage in a walnut-case," etc. What is the nationality of the author of this announcement which was published in a Manchester newspaper: "A foreign gentleman could be received into the house of a gentleman who is desirous to learn English conversationally, and would have all home

comforts." Here is another; "A vacancy occurs for a little girl in the family of a motherly lady requiring kind but firm treatment." An advertiser in the *Standard* evidently thinks a beast of burden may entertain an objection to carry a person of indifferent moral character when he writes: "Wanted a quiet pony for an invalid young gentleman that has no vicious habits." A nice child was described a short time ago in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Wanted a nurse for an infant between twenty-five and thirty, a member of the Church of England and without followers." An auctioneer, advertising in a Belfast paper, shows the possession of some curious notions of ornithology, when in describing a property for sale he states: "The mountain is well stocked with hares, rabbits, and other wild fowl." This man of the hammer must surely have a near relative in the person of a correspondent to the same paper, who stated that a rabid dog, during pursuit, succeeded in biting "a woman, a child, a horse, and several other ducks and hens." That "other" strongly reminds one of the daily newspapers' "tall but respectably dressed man" of the police-courts. Such practices as painting and putting the hair in papers are not entirely unknown in this country, but they have scarcely as yet become recognised family duties, except in the household of an advertiser in a London daily, who some time ago required "a house suitable for a small family that has been recently papered and painted, and is in good order." There are some strange sheep to be met with in the British colonies if a New Zealand settler meant what he wrote when he announced that he wanted "an industrious man to take charge of three thousand sheep who can speak Spanish." Were it not that a young lady of linguistic attainments would be unlikely to hide her light under a bushel, one might be disposed to conjecture that the docile animals had been pupils of a colonial governess, who lately announced that she "can do all kinds of sewing and embroidery except music." Different commodities we know are often enclosed in one case, but it is seldom we see so incongruous a mixture as that contemplated by the person who "wanted an ice-chest to hold two hundred pounds of ice and a new harness." A chemist advertises in his window "artificial eyes," immediately beneath which, on the same placard, are the words, "Open all night." Government officials sometimes advertise, and occasionally in as absurd

terms as more obscure people. In front of the General Post Office, Dublin, for instance, may be seen painted the directions, "Post here letters too late for next mail." A Chicago advertisement runs: "Wanted an energetic assistant for a retail store, partly outdoor, and partly behind the counter;" and a contemporary somewhat pertinently enquires what the result will be when the door slams.

FOUR BAD MOMENTS.

THERE have been periods within the experience of most of us when—usually, but not invariably, by reason of some sudden and imminent peril—the consciousness of half a lifetime seems to be condensed into the space of a second of time; occasions when people commonly declare that the whole of their past career has been conjured up in panoramic review before their imagination. Whether this mental phenomenon be of such frequent occurrence under these circumstances as is supposed, I cannot say. In the four "bad times" on which I now look back, my own thoughts were rather those of quickened apprehension of surrounding incidents and immediate consequences than of a retrospective nature; but there is no doubt that one may think a great deal more than is ordinarily within the capacity of one's brain-power in such a situation. There is a thrilling story, and a well-authenticated one, upon record, about a coastguardsman who was captured by some smugglers, and suspended by them, in payment of an old grudge, over what he believed to be a frightful precipice; for the night was pitch-dark, and he had been carried by them through winding ways far from his regular beat. After keeping him dangling in this dreadful position for some time, as a torture, the rope was cut, and he dropped down—down—into seemingly unfathomable depth, until he lost his senses. So the poor fellow has described his feelings, and the ideas which flew madly through his brain during his descent; yet when he had recovered from the long illness and paralysis of the intellect which supervened, he found that he had fallen no more than five feet! We know, too, how the events of hours or days may be concentrated into a dream which occupies only a few seconds, and cannot disbelieve that the condemned wretch on the scaffold, if he has any faculty of thought remaining, may have it acutely exercised

in the mid-air interval which elapses between the sinking of the world from beneath his feet and the shock which rives his body and soul asunder. This possibility is recognised in the old couplet which alludes to a man killed by a fall from his horse :

Betwixt the saddle and the ground,
He mercy sought and mercy found.

It is not necessarily the imperilment of life alone which produces this tumult of the vital centres, this intense instantaneous revolution of the faculties which, in despair of finding any adequate term, I have simply designated as "bad moments." Sudden pecuniary loss, danger or death of those dear to us, even the revulsion caused by unexpected good tidings, may affect us in a similar manner. But it is, of course, under impending bodily fear in the majority of cases that such a sensation is experienced, and so it was on the four occasions which I am about to speak of. I am not going to relate them in their chronological order of sequence — indeed, the first-mentioned was the last to happen to me; nor shall I say much concerning my thoughts and feelings at the time, taking it for granted that they may be "better imagined than described."

On Christmas Day, 1879, I was rolling, tumbling, splashing about on board the good ship *Larne*, somewhere west of the Azores, homeward-bound, endeavouring to extract as much of the proverbial merriment pertaining to the festive season as could be enjoyed in that merry packet, with a merry nor-easter howling in her teeth, and a merry head sea washing over her decks fore and aft, and amidships too, with strict impartiality. I may as well confess that, had it not been "Christmas time," I should certainly have remained in my cabin, which was situated on the upper deck, and struggled through my roast beef and plum-pudding there, in preference to braving the horrors of a possible fall and probable ducking incidental to the passage "over all" to the saloon. However, when the dinner-bell rang, I dressed for that meal in an oilskin coat, a sou'-wester hat, and a pair of long sea-boots, and set my face steadfastly towards the after-companion, which was my goal, as far as the open-air part of the pilgrimage was concerned.

But I had not proceeded more than a third of the way, darting from point to point of refuge where a hold-fast was to be obtained, before the steamer gave that

peculiar little lift on the weather-side which predicts a tremendous lurch to leeward immediately afterwards. I was leaning just then against the smooth iron bulkhead of the galley, waiting until she should right herself again so that I might effect another tack on my zig-zag course; there was nothing within reach which I could lay hold of in preparation for the coming roll to that side, and the deck was already sloping at an angle which would not admit of my making a rush. There was nothing for it but to lie down flat and let myself slide about on the wet boards, otherwise I should inevitably have been dashed against the rail and perhaps have gone overboard.

Between the galley-wall and the side of the ship was a space of about fifteen feet, and just abreast of where I lay down one of the guns was lashed. I had formed no exaggerated anticipation of the violence of the lurch. Over she went, over and over, till it seemed as though she would never come up again, but fortunately I did not slip much, being stayed by the roughened cover of a bunker-lid. Back she came at last, and went down as heavily on the other side, so that I was now in no danger of sliding on account of the iron bulkhead. But what was my horror to see the cannon, now high above me, suddenly swing round towards me, as one of the gantlings, or bands holding it to the side of the ship, gave way. Had the other parted, too, it would have dropped sheer upon me, and must have crushed me like an egg-shell. To move was impossible; the deck was like the side of a house. Luckily it held on, and by the time the next "weather-roll" was over I had taken advantage of the momentary equilibrium to crawl out of danger, while the ponderous gun tore the iron netting and smashed the rail into splinters in the furious half-circles it was describing. I got down below, and ate my Christmas dinner presently; but it was a "bad moment," nevertheless.

Number two will necessitate a short preamble. I was "putting up" at an hotel in a country town, the walls of which were adorned with florid announcements of a "Grand Horticultural Fête," to be held on the following day in the beautiful park of a gentleman residing in the immediate vicinity. The grandeur of the event was evidently modestly pre-supposed by its promoters to be not sufficiently imposing on its horticultural merits alone, and the

fête was held to lack due festivity without some extra attraction; so a seductive "Balloon Ascent" was advertised to take place from the grounds on the same afternoon, as being calculated to exhibit a more powerful magnetic influence on the shillings of the country bumpkins than could be expected from prodigies and monstrosities of the vegetable world. I was reading one of the smaller bills and band programme which was fluttering in the draughty passage leading to the coffee-room, whither I was bound with a view to restoration of the inner man, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a piano close at hand, played with such unusual skill and taste that all thought of the flower-show passed out of my head as I paused to listen. Entering the coffee-room, I found the instrument located there in one of those deep recesses with which the old-fashioned house abounded; the performer was alone, and rose abruptly as I entered. I begged that I might not interrupt, and after some pressing he was good enough to continue, giving me a feast of some especial favourites for which I asked, and playing everything from memory with a degree of execution which betokened a thoroughly-trained musician. Thus we lapsed into a chat on musical "shop," and our respective meals arriving simultaneously a little later, we joined company at the same table, and grew friendly. Then, to my surprise, I learnt that my new-found acquaintance, though educated for the musical profession, was not then a member of it, having abandoned it for a very different one—equally interesting in its way, no doubt, and, I should imagine, decidedly more lucrative; in short, he was the aeronaut who was to make the ascent the next day. It was the late Mr. Youens.

Ballooning instantly put music in the shade as a conversational topic, and I found my companion, already the hero of two hundred and thirty aerial voyages, equally courteous and communicative on this as he had been on the other. Was he going up alone? I asked presently. Well, no; not if he could get a passenger. He had only room for one—barely that, indeed, as he had brought down his smallest balloon for the occasion, but he hoped to induce some member of the horticultural committee to accompany him, to lend an appropriate local colouring to the trip. He did not anticipate a long one, as the winds were setting just then—not more than twelve hours at the outside.

Whether it was that the science of horticulture does not beget a spirit of adventurous enterprise, or that their onerous duties in the tents forbade their quitting the earth, certain it is that on the following afternoon Mr. Youens failed to persuade any of the committee-men to accompany him to the upper regions. Several ladies who were present at the fête made short "captive" ascents, while the machine was secured and steered with ropes by assistants below, but no one volunteered to occupy the vacant seat in the car when it was about to be cut adrift and soar aloft at its own wild will. Seeing that it was a hopeless case, the musical aeronaut kindly beckoned to me.

"Will you come?" said he. "The accommodation isn't extensive, nor yet very comfortable, I'm afraid, but I sha'n't be up long. You will? That's right! Jump in! Are you ready, there? Steady. Haul her a little more to the right. Let go!" and away we went, amid the cheers of the crowd below.

I am not going to describe the trip, because, as far as the voyage itself was concerned, it was an uneventful one, and, for the rest, the apparent absence of motion in the balloon itself, the slipping and gliding and melting away of objects beneath, the concave appearance of the ground, the stillness of the air which would have allowed a candle to burn without a flicker, while a breeze was rustling in the trees as we swept by, the distinctness of rivers and railways—all these and the other phenomena and sensations which characterise an ascent have been told over and over again by those who are far better qualified to speak of them from experience than I am. Suffice it to say that my own impression, as soon as the novelty of the situation had worn off, was one of intense disappointment. The course we traversed formed a sort of parabola—up on one wind and returning on another, so to speak; so that we regained terra firma the same evening about ten o'clock, within thirty miles of the spot where we went up, coming to an anchor and descending under what I was assured were the most favourable circumstances possible, having spent seven hours in the air.

As the aeronaut had intimated, the dimensions of the wicker car afforded anything but luxurious accommodation. He had stated that this was his smallest balloon. If I could remember the exact number of thousands of cubic feet of gas it contained, I dare say it would at once convey to

readers, well informed on such subjects, the precise size of the appendage; but it seemed to me that the glittering motionless silken sphere which spread its immense convexity above me was hugely disproportionate to the basket, much like that used by washerwomen, in which I was cramped together, leaving little space for a bottle of brandy, a tin of Liebig's extract of meat, one or two scientific instruments, and some small bags of sand. Indeed, there was no room for both of us in it, and my conductor was comfortably seated up in the rigging, or network of ropes by which the car was suspended, occasionally throwing out a few handfuls of sand from a bag, and glancing carelessly at drifting clouds from time to time, as if he rather thought he might run across some people he knew about there.

"Come up here," he sung out after a bit. "You'll get the cramp presently and have no room to stamp it off."

So I struggled up cautiously and joined him.

It wasn't very nice leaving the car and leaning backwards over space, as I climbed up the latticed ropes on the outer side; but it was a decided change for the better when I got fixed all right, with my arms and legs pilloried to their full extent in the meshes for safety. My sea-going career had given me a pretty sound head for going aloft, and besides, at such an immense height as we were, one loses the sense of dizziness to a great extent and seems to feel no responsibility as to falling, like a part and parcel of the apparatus itself.

I said, with a laugh, that I wished we had brought a piano with us, and expressed my obligations to him for the adventure.

"Not at all," he replied. "It's very good of you to come. I like having company with me. It's so awfully dull with no one to talk to if I have to remain up all night. Besides, I have very little sand with me." (I didn't like this much.) "But now I'm going to open the valve, for I think we can catch a westerly current if we drop a few hundred feet; so you had better go down and crouch together again, or you'll be getting numb."

It was cold enough certainly, but I had no idea how stiff my limbs had become until I began to stir. It was as much as I could do to grasp the ropes, my fingers were so deadened. I descended slowly and with caution until my feet rested on the edge of the car, at which point came

the only bit of difficulty attending the process. The weight of my body bearing partially on the edge of the car, naturally caused it to tilt from me, and as I was sloping outwards and backwards from it, it was necessary for me to stretch out one arm to seize a rope which would draw me into such a position that I could drop inside.

I had just relinquished my hold and was reaching for the further line, when the treacherous basket slipped from under my feet and I was left hanging by one numbed hand. It must have been several seconds before I could recover from the impetus I had received, sufficiently to enable me to swing round and again clutch the network above me. My impulse was to climb up to where I was before, but just at that instant the car swayed towards me with the jerk and brought the rope so close that I caught it and slid down at once.

"Don't take too much of that brandy," I heard Mr. Youens call out presently. "You will feel all the colder for it afterwards. You are looking chilly, though."

He had not observed my bad moment.

Several years ago I was staying with a friend in the glorious island of St. Lucia, in the West Indies, a little way up country, where he had a large sugar-plantation. My visit had drawn so near its termination that the day of which I write was my last but one there, and in less than forty-eight hours I was to sail for Barbadoes by schooner already lying alongside the wharf at Castries far below, and there take the mail-steamer to England.

Short as my stay had been, I had met with great kindness and hospitality from the surrounding planters and their families, some of whom had that afternoon sent me some delicious presents to take home in the shape of guava paste and jelly, pine jam, preserved limes, salmagundi, hot peppers, and other bottled products of the island, which were massed together in an imposing array on a table in the verandah, ready for packing. And I was lying almost at full length in a bamboo chair with a leg-rest, devoting myself by turns to a sangaree, a palm-leaf fan, and a long St. Lucian "rat-tail" cigar, wishing that the sun would hurry through his last hour in the sky, so that darkness might bring some relief to the sweltering heat, and lazily contemplating another bottled product of the island which also stood on the table beside me.

This was a live "fer-de-lance," one of

the deadliest serpents in the world, with which St. Lucia is infested. I had been very desirous to obtain a living specimen, and several friends had endeavoured to get me one; but such is the dread of the negroes of this snake that they could not be persuaded to attempt its capture without killing it, though they brought in any amount of "kouesses" and "cribos," which are harmless. That very afternoon, however, a gentleman personally unknown to me had kindly sent this one down to me from the neighbourhood of Souffrière, on the other side of the island, uninjured and secure in a tightly-stoppered glass jar. The carpenter was set to work at once to make a suitable glazed box for its reception by the following day; and though the poor reptile's crystal house of detention was none too commodious—for it was a good-sized specimen, over three feet in length—I decided to let it remain where it was for the night, in preference to running the risk of shifting it from box to box, merely replacing the glass-stopper with a piece of perforated zinc. Ugly enough the creature looked, and well calculated to inspire terror by its very appearance, as it lay sluggishly coiled within the vase which it almost filled, with its thick, flat, triangular head, dull dead eyes, pyramidal body covered with pointed scales, and claw-tipped tail, which occasionally squeaked against the glass as it slowly shifted its convolutions. The bite of this snake is said to cause death in fifteen minutes. Pondering upon the mysterious provision of Nature, which assigns such fearful potency to a worm and renders it more to be dreaded than a tiger, I gently succumbed to the combined influences of this elevated train of thought, the heat, the rat-tail, and the sangaree, and fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know—possibly not more than half an hour, for there is no twilight in those latitudes; but it was pitch dark and the fire-flies were glittering in the air, when I was roused by a tremendous crash close to my chair—a crash as of glass. Good Heavens! the fer-de-lance. It must have forced off the zinc or capsized the jar by its movements, and have rolled off the table, and was within a few inches of me! Never heeding that my loose grass-slippers had fallen off, as the appalling nature of the situation whirled across my scared brain, I sprang up with the intention of rushing into the house; but before my stockinged foot could reach the ground I felt a slight blow on the heel

followed by an agonising, burning, stinging pain. Drawing my feet back again, I huddled myself up on the chair, and made a desperate endeavour to get my heel up to my mouth that I might suck the wound—always the first thing to be done in case of snake-bite, where possible. But though I had been an adept at the art of "kissing my toe" and other youthful gymnastics when a boy, the most violent straining would not now serve to wrench my less pliant limbs into the required posture. I therefore immediately abandoned the attempt—every second is of vital importance in such an accident—and madly tore my neck-tie off, twisting it round and round my ankle with such violence that the foot throbbed as though it would burst. Then I pinched and lacerated the puncture with my finger-nails, for I had no knife; the agony was terrible, but I was glad to feel it bleed freely. All this time I was shouting loudly for help, for the possibility of the serpent climbing up on the chair and inflicting another bite never left my mind for a moment. I say "all this time," but I do not suppose the events occupied many seconds, though to me they seemed like hours. Lights soon glimmered at the end of the verandah, and a swarm of black faces with dilated eyes were dimly visible behind them.

"Quick!" I yelled. "I'm bitten! The fer-de-lance is out! Get a knife—get aguadiente——"

If I had exorcised them by one of the fetich incantations in which they so devoutly believed, I could not have caused their disappearance with more magical rapidity than by telling them the snake was adrift. There was a united shriek, and they were gone. I screamed at them that I was dying, tearing my linen jacket into abortive fragments the while in a frenzied endeavour to make strips for ligatures; when just then I heard footsteps running up the path which led from the cane-pieces to the house, and presently my host dashed round the corner of the verandah with a lamp, and his gun poised club-wise. He had heard the commotion on his way home from below, and meeting some of the frightened servants had learned the cause. So he came rushing up, snatching a light from one and the gun from another on his way, cursing them for black cowardly brutes, and giving fifty directions to them to bring various things as he came on. Running up to me, he rapidly scanned the floor, with the butt-

end of his gun uplifted in readiness to despatch the serpent—

Bah! there it was, in its jar on the table, as safe as ever, now flickering out its black forked tongue in excitement at the advent of the light. But what had happened to me, then? for the pain in my foot was no freak of imagination, and the chair was dabbled with blood. On the boards by my side lay a large broken glass bottle, and its contents—hot pickles—were strewn all around. It had, I remembered, been standing near the edge of the table, and had been thrown down, perhaps by a marauding rat, or perhaps by a pet kitten, attracted by the movements of the snake—possibly, even, by the sweep of a bat. There it was, at any rate, and it was the sharp jagged edge of this, sticking up, which had wounded my foot, giving the impression of a living object by rolling slightly aside as I struck it, while the scorching concentrated acid about the glass was quite sufficient to account for the pain. The discovery was a relief, of course, but my feelings were not much to be envied when I reflected on all the needless disturbance I had caused, especially when the niggers, reassured by the presence of their master, came running round with caustic, white rum, ammonia, and other remedies, always kept at hand, and all the work-people from the valley below arrived in a crowd. Furthermore, my heel was still intensely painful. Warm poultices and soothing fomentations allayed the smarting, but several splinters of glass, causing great inflammation, had to be extracted subsequently, and it was not until some weeks after I reached England that I was able to wear a boot again.

I hardly know how to describe my fourth misadventure—if misadventure it can be called. The actual circumstances will present a very absurd appearance on paper, but I will ask the reader to consider himself placed in the same position as myself for a moment; then, if he be endowed with no higher degree of physical bravery than his humble servant, I can safely leave the rest to his imagination.

In the course of one of my voyages down the coast of the Spanish Main, I was delayed for several days in the fragrant city of Colon, or Aspinwall, the eastern terminus of the railroad which runs across the Isthmus of Panama. It would be more literally correct to say the Atlantic terminus, for, though Colon is situated

on the east coast of Central America, and Panama on the west, the isthmus is so curved at that part that the railway trends nearly due north and south in its general direction, and the former town lies in reality a little to the westward of the latter.

One glorious moonlight night, when the sand-flies murdered slumber on board our steamer, I took a stroll with a couple of friends along the path which borders the pestiferous swamp in which the filthy town stands, or rather rots. Not a very judicious thing to do from a hygienic point of view, for every abomination of earth, air, and sea has been liberally showered on Colon, and "Chagres fever," a virulent intermittent ague which takes its name from the muddy banana-fringed river there, is well known as a life-long souvenir of their visit by most people who have spent any time on that coast, where a tree disappears—melts away—within a few months from the time it falls, and the land-crabs eat the very piles which raise the huts above the mud; where a man gets up apparently well at daybreak, sickens, dies, and is buried at Monkey Hill by noon, and none can name the disease that has killed him; where every sleeper on the forty-five miles of railroad is said to be the monument of an Englishman's death when it was laid; and where cholera, yellow-fever, and small-pox periodically sweep off half the inhabitants at a blow, while sharks, centipedes, alligators, and rattlesnakes are always efficient in keeping down the surplus population.

Not very judicious, perhaps, to walk abroad at such an hour; but miasma and mosquitoes on the yellow beach, where the long rollers kissed the feet of the palms and cocoa-nut trees as they broke in surf on the coral, were more tolerable than the stifling heat of a cabin. So we prolonged our walk, enjoying the breeze, until we had completed the circuit of the island, as it is called, and had arrived at the back of the town. But here, though we were within a stone's-throw of the wharf, we received an unexpected check, which seemed to impose upon us the necessity of retracing the whole of our steps.

The last thirty yards of the path which led on to the railway track were under water. It was high tide, and the lagoon, around which the road passed, had overflowed. Probably we might have waded through without wetting our knees, but the uncertainty of keeping a right course in the darkness, for the moon had set by

this time, and the possibility of a slip into the loathsome tank, swarming with reptiles, made us unwilling to ford the flooded path, while to attempt to push through the patch of marshy jungle on the other side of the houses was still less to be thought of. At the same time, the prospect of going all the way back again was not an attractive one. The road was rough and devious, and however romantic its unsophisticated ruggedness might have been in the moonlight, it was a very different thing to picture ourselves scrambling along it in obscurity, beset by the whole fauna of that lively region—added to which, it was a good three miles, and we were tired and sleepy. As we stood there, blankly silent in the contemplation of our sorry plight, we heard the quartermaster on the steamer's bridge strike four bells of the middle watch—two o'clock in the morning.

We had turned back again, when one of my shipmates suggested, "Let's try to cross through the Rookery!" an idea hailed with acclamation on the first blush of it, though after a moment's reflection I felt strongly inclined to protest against it. The Rookery is a name which has been given by sailors to a long brick edifice, several storeys high and roofed with corrugated iron, the most conspicuous object in Colon, which abuts on the railway track, the latter forming the principal street. Being let off in rooms and floors, and each storey having a dilapidated sort of balcony by which access is gained to the other apartments, the Rookery bears some resemblance to the barracks for the working-classes or model industrial buildings of our large towns; its occupants, however, are neither model nor industrial, for it is inhabited by thieves, gamblers, and Yankee "rowdies" of all classes. To pass by it after nightfall is proverbially unsafe, for murder is rife in this Elysium, and robbery with violence is regarded as legitimate work. Two common staircases lead up to the landings in each house, one in front and the other behind, so that, by crossing a piece of waste ground, covered with broken bottles and other refuse, at the rear of the building, we could pass through either of the houses, up one staircase and down the other, for they were unprotected by gates or doors, and emerge on the street at a few yards' distance from

our wharf. The perilous character of such an enterprise is obvious. The Rookery was fast asleep, but if we were unfortunate enough to disturb one of its denizens, a bullet would come through the thin wooden partition without preliminary enquiry, and before that leaden messenger had ceased to echo its demand of "Who's there?" along the narrow crazy passages, every wall and door would have opened a battery on us. But my companions were not to be dissuaded; there was no danger, they were sure, if we slipped through quietly. Somehow in these lawless places, one gets to think much less of being shot than one does where one can send for a policeman around the corner; and of two evils, that of returning round the island by myself certainly seemed the greater just then. We gained the nearest entrance; pulled off our boots, at the risk of scorpions or "jiggers;" and stealthily ascended the rotten creaking stairs. Cautiously groping our way along the passage on the first floor in single file, I being last, our pioneer came presently to a dead halt, in uncertainty as to which of two divergent alley-ways would conduct us to the front staircase. It was dark as Erebus, of course. Suddenly a dog growled, and there was a muttered drowsy imprecation close at hand. We dared not move, scarcely breathed in our suspense and expectation, and while we stood so—flash!

How much each of us thought over while we waited for the report of the pistol he probably would not care to tell, even if he could. I suppose the appreciation of the fact that it was not a shot came to us all simultaneously, and that we did not greatly exaggerate the interval before we recognised it as a harmless quiver of lightning, glancing in through the open stair-way behind us; but it has left a conviction strongly impressed upon me that time for a good deal of reflection is afforded by the difference between the speed of light and that of a bullet to anyone who is fired upon, even at close quarters. It was an absurd scare; nevertheless, our nerves were so unstrung by it, that we turned and made our exit by the way we had come as speedily as possible, and went back all round the island after all.

Very ridiculous, as I told you it would be; still, I am not sure that this was not the worst of my four bad moments.

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